

# THE LADY'S

OR,

# WEEKLY



# MISCELLANY;

THE

# VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XV.]

Saturday, September 12. 1812

[NO 21.]

## THE INDIANS;

### *A Tale.*

By William Richardson, professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow (Scotland.)

Meantime Ononthio counselled his daughter to conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and preserve them there, till, by his influence and authority, he had appeased the violence of his brethren. 'Judge not unfavourably of my nation,' said he, 'from this instance of impetuosity. They follow the immediate impulse of nature, and are often extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will soon abate, and reason will assume her authority. You see nature unrestrained but not perverted; luxuriant, but not corrupt. My brethren are wrathful; but to latent or lasting enmity they are utter strangers.'

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed to their hamlets. The sky was calm and unclouded. the full orb'd moon, in serene and solemn majesty, arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled

breast of the lake. The grey hills and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade, save the interrupted wailing of matrons who lamented the untimely deaths of their sons. Marano, with the captives issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore till they arrived at a narrow unfrequented recess. It was open to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. Marano conversed long with her brother, she poured out her soul in his sympathising bosom, she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was folded gently around her, a balmy slumber surprised them. Their features, even in sleep, preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocent on the lips of Marano, her countenance was ineffably tender, and

her tress s lay careless on her snowy bosom. The features of Sidney, of a bolder and more manly expression, seemed full of benignity and complacence. Calm and unruffled was their repose; they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon, in unrivalled glory, and now attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe soon appeared, and the dipping oars, arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boatmen, silent and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man, of a keen and animated aspect arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear, armed with a bow and a javelin, having left his companions, was advancing along the shore. It was Oneyo. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal. By the skillful application of herbs and balsams his cure was at length effected, and he returned impatient to his nation.

'I will return secretly,' he said 'I will enjoy the sorrow and regret of Marano and of my brethren who doubtless believe me dead. I will enjoy the extacy of their affection and their surprise on my unexpected arrival. My lovely

Marano now laments unconsolated. I will hasten to relieve her, & press her with weeping joy to my faithful transported bosom.

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture that occupied the soul of Oneyo when he discovered Marano in the arms of a stranger. He recoiled. He stood motionless in an agony of grief, anger and astonishment. Pale and trembling he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognized her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, 'Faithless inconstant,' he cried, 'and is this my expected meeting! in the arms of a stranger! Arrogant invader of my felicity! He shall perish! His blood shall expiate his offence!' Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow, and recognized his deliverer. Surprise and horror seized him. Injured by my deliverer! By him whom my soul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood! My life he preserved. Would to heaven he had slain me? Thus injured and betrayed, Oneyo shall not live. Thou Great Universal Spirit, whose path is in the clouds whose voice is in the thunder! and whose eye pierces the heart! O conduct me to the blissful valley, for Oneyo will not live.' He sighed. 'One look, one parting look of my love. O I believed her faithful for her I lived, for her I die.' He advanced towards her, he gazed on her with anguish and



regret. She will not weep for me! Faithless and inconstant. She will exult! Exult to behold me bleeding! And shall it be? For this have I cherished her? Lavished my soul on her? To be betrayed! To give her love to a stranger? He paused, trembled, his countenance grew fierce, his eye wild, he grasped his javelin—Marrano named him: her voice was soft and plaintive, her visions were of Oneyo. 'O come,' she said, 'hasten to thy love. Tarry not, my Oneyo! How I long to behold thee!' 'For this,' said he, 'I'll embrace thee.' He embraced her; she awaked, discovered her husband, and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in fierce indignation. 'Away,' he cried, 'go cherish thy stranger. Away, perfidious!' She followed him trembling and aghast. 'He is my brother.' 'Thy brother—Stranger,' said he to the Briton, who now approached him, 'you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me then am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guileful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life?'

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They return-

ed by morning to the village.—Ononchio received them with decent gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.

(Concluded.)

#### SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### THE COMBAT OF AMADIS AND DARDAN.

[*From the Romance of Amadis of Gaul.*]

Amadis, after he had left Urganda, rode on through the forest till he was benighted. After some time he saw a light above the trees, and rode towards it, thinking to find a lodging. He came at length to a goodly fortress, wherein were the lights that he had seen which were from the window of a tower, and he heard the voices of men and women singing and making mirth. He called at the gate, but they heard him not: at last those in the tower saw him through the battlements, and a knight asked who was there.

'A strange knight.'

'So it seems,' quoth he, 'you must be a strange knight to go about in the dark; I believe it is for fear lest you should be obliged to do battle with us by daylight; and now you can meet none but the devils.'

Amadis answered, 'if you were good for any thing, you would know that many are benighted who cannot help it.'

'Begone,' quoth the knight, 'you shall not enter here.'

'As God shall help me,' said Amadis, 'I think thou hast no man of valour in thy company — Tell me thy name before we part.'

'That shall I do, on condition that whensoever we meet thou wilt fight me.'

To that Amadis, who was in wrath, readily assented.

'Know then that my name is Dardan; and badly as thou wilt fare this night, thou wilt fare much worse the day that I shall meet thee.'

'Come out,' quoth Amadis 'and let them light us by those torches, to do battle.'

'What?' said Dardan, 'arm myself at this hour to fight with thee! I'll fall the knight who should put on his spurs and harness for such an enemy!' and with that he went in.

Amadis proceeded through the forest, seeking some bush under which he might shelter himself. Presently he heard voices, and proceeding faster, he came up to two damsels on their palfreys, attended by a squire. They saluted courteously, and Amadis recounted his adventure.

'Know you the knight's name?' said they.

'He told me it was Dardan.'

'True! he is called Dardan the proud; the haughtiest knight in this country. But, sir, seeing that you are unprovided of lodging, will you abide this night in our tents, which are pitched near at hand?'

He, glad of their courtesy, rode with them; and having there alighted, he unarmed: and when the damsels saw how fair he was, they delighted to see him: so they supped cheerfully together, and a tent was spread for him wherein he should sleep. Meantime they asked him whither he was bound.

'To the court of king Lisuarte.'

'And we are going there also, to see what will happen to a lady, one of the best and noblest in the land; all that she hath in the world is put upon the issue of a combat, which is to be performed within ten days before king Lisuarte: but we know not who will appear to defend her; for he, against whom her champion must fight, is the best knight in Great Britain, that very Dardan the proud whom you so lately left.'

'And on what cause,' said Amadis, 'arise the combat?'

'This Dardan loveth the daughter of a knight, who, at his second



nuptials married the lady I speak of. Now hath this lady conceived such hatred against her stepmother, that she hath vowed never to love Dardan unless he bring her to king Lisuarte's court, and affirm that all her stepmother's goods appertain to her, and maintain it by battle against whomsoever dare gainsay: and the dame, who was not well advised, said she would produce a champion, and this she did for her manifest right, thinking that one would be found to combat for her: but Dardan is so good a knight in arms, that be it for right or wrong, all fear him.'

These tidings rejoiced Amadis, for the knight was against all pride; and now might he indulge his own anger in a just cause and that in the presence of Oriana.

'I pray you, sir,' said one of the damsels, 'for courtesy acquaint us with your sudden musing.'

'Willingly, if you will promise me, as loyal damsels, not to reveal it. I mean,' quoth he, 'to combat for the lady.'

'Gentle sir, that though proceeds from a high resolved mind: God grant it a good issue!' So gave they each to other the good night, and went to rest.

In the morning the damsels intreated that he would not leave them, seeing they were bound to one place, and that in the forest kept men of ill behaviour: They

rode along with sundry discouragements; and among other talk, they asked the knight, since God had placed them in company, that he would tell them his name; the which he did, but charged them to let none know it. So they proceeded thro' unfrequented ways, lodging in their tents, and regaling on the food they took with them. At length they saw two knights under a tree, armed and on horseback, who, seeing them, placed themselves in the way, the one saying to his companion, 'which of these damsels will you have?'

'This quoth he, and seized the one as his comrade did the other.

'What, sirs!' quoth Amadis, 'what manner of behaviour is this? what would ye do with the damsels?'

'Make them our mistresses.'

'So lightly think ye to win them!' said he, and took his helm, and shield, and lance. 'Now release them!'

The one knight met him bravely, and broke his lance; but Amadis gave him such an attaint that he lay with his heels upwards.—The second came on, and pierced through his arms, and slightly wounded Amadis. He on his part failed with his lance; but shields and horses met, and Amadis seized him, and plucked him from the saddle, and dashed him down and then rode on with the damsels.

When at length they came near Windsor, Amadis said: 'fair friends, I would remain in secret here till such time as the knight come to the combat; and, when the hour is, let your squire bring me hither tidings thereof.'

'Sir,' quoth the damsel, 'if it please you, we will remain with you.'

So they pitched their tents apart from the road, by the river side. Meanwhile Amadis went upon a little eminence to look at the town and there he sat under a tree, and looked towards the towers and the high walls, and he said in his heart, 'ah, God! the flower of the world is there! and thou city containest now the lady that hath no peer for goodness and beauty and who is more loved than all others that are loved, and that would I prove upon the best knight in the world.' And in these thoughts the tears trickled down his cheeks and he sat heedless of every thing about him. But Gandalin, who saw a troop of knights and ladies coming up, called to him, and asked him if he did not see that company. He neither heard nor answered. With that Gandalin took him by the arm. 'So help me, heaven, sir, you afflict yourself more than need is! Take courage, as you do in other things.'

'Ah, Gandalin!' quoth he, 'you had better counsel me to die, than to endure this hopeless sorrow!'

Then could not the squire refrain from lamenting,—'This excessive love is a great misfortune: as heaven shall help me, I do not think there is any one, how good and beautiful soever she may be, who can equal your worth, or whom you might not have.'

At this was Amadis greatly enraged. 'Go, idiot,' said he, 'how dare you talk so madly? If ever you again repeat such thoughts, you shall go no further with me.'

'Dry your eyes,' said Gandalin, 'and let not them who are coming see you thus.'

It was the lady coming to her trial, weeping and lamenting as she went, for there was none to defend her right.

(To be Concluded next week.)

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#### SELECTED.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

\*\*\*\* The tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impeals the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that charming flower: and, though it has long since lost its crimson, it still retains a part of the solitude; for the tear is on it. But alas! no cheering sun exhales my sorrow: and, the crystal, which stole forth in the



morning from my eyelids, holds its place at the midnight hour.'

'And, is love,' said I, 'the canker-worm that has preyed on thy beauty!--Does that torturing passion make thee shed the ceaseless tear!'

'No,' replied Lucilla--'Love gave me all its choicest blessings. During five years, I rioted in them; and this world was a heaven to me. William it is true is no more: but he died in the field of honor--he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country. I bathed his wounds--his last words blessed me--and his expiring sigh was breathed forth in my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow--but I had my consolation--my William loved none but me: and he still lived in the blessed image which he left me of himself.'

'It was my duty--and soon became my sole delight--to point out to the darling boy, the path in which his sire had trodden, and to instil into his expanding mind, an emulation of parental virtue. His young breast felt the glowing flame: and he was wont to weep when I had him to the grave which glory had dug for his father.'

'But he, too, is taken from me--he sleeps beneath this turf, which I adorn with flowers--here my fancy feeds my sorrow: and this sacred shrine of affection, I

shall daily visit, till weary nature conduct me to my husband and my child.'

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EDWIN'S URN.--A FRAGMENT.

'Solitude! thou hast lost thy power of charming,' said the weeping Emma, as she was bedewing Edwin's urn with the tears of love.

'No more with pleasure, do I sit on the foot of yon oak, and listen to the sweet notes of the feathered choir, as I was wont when Edwin lived. Alas my Edwin, will you no more lead me to the shady bower, and tune your pipe to Emma's praise! Peace ye birds!--Edwin no more echoes your mellifluous tones in mild symphonic songs. Droop, hang your heads, ye flowers of the field: No more will ye be plucked by Edwin's hand to grace his Emma's hair.'

Sighs soft as the gentle zephyrs, stole from the fair mourner's heart.

'Why bursts the intrusive sigh? Why falls the unavailing tear! Will those recall my Edwin from the tomb? Ah? no. Would to heaven!--she paused--Yes it must be!--The heaving bosom pants for ease--the streaming eye is filled with peace. 'Edwin shall I leave thee! it is only for a moment then shall we meet and part no more.'

She arose and sweetly spoke a fond farewell—

‘Mild breath of spring! fan lightly his grave. Feathered sons of the air! perch on the weeping willows, and, in plaintive strains, sing his many virtues. Foot of the passing stranger! rest a while at his tomb. Children of the finer feelings! give a tributary tear; let it fall on Edwin’s urn. Hush! all is silence; the songster of the vale is mute; the lambkin sports not on the mead; all are hushed to repose. Though silence, universal pervades, and solemn stillness rules around—yet, methinks, it is the language of eloquence, the praise of my Edwin. No longer can we warble the soft notes of love; no more can we frolic on the green, for Edwin sleeps in the dust and his Emma is sad. Stop Sol shrinks from the embrace of day, and hides his face behind the western hills. I will hasten and seek some sequestered spot, near Edwin’s last mansion. At morn, noon, and eve, will I visit the sacred abode; bathe the tomb with my tears; and oft, kiss the garment that shields his remains;—then pensively retire, and hide my inward grief from the world, unknowing the cause of my woes.’

Ten solar revolutions have since passed away: the village swains press Emma to love, as she is loved; tears forbid utterance; she answers them not: but waving her snow-white hand, and tracing the needle to the pole, it points to Edwin’s urn.

LAVINIA.

#### SELECTED.

*For the Lady’s Miscellany.*

#### VALLEY FORGE.

In laying before our readers, the situation of the American Army, encamped at Valley Forge, during the Winter of 1777-8. We shall not only pourtray what the brave heroes of our revolution have suffered for the attainment of that Liberty, which we now enjoy; but shew also, an example worthy the imitation of those, who now stand forth to protect the hallowed altar of the Genius of Freedom. No dangers should deter, no dangers should appal the man who is now engaged in defence of those rights, for the acquirement of which our Fathers bled. And it will also be a pleasing though melancholy satisfaction, to revert to past trials and ‘pay a passing tribute to those places, which have been rendered memorable, during the revolutionary war, by the toils sufferings and conflicts of our countrymen, consecrated by the blood of our heroes:’

The Gods the saviours of their native land.

BARLOW.

However inattentive the present generation may be to this subject those places which witnessed the infant struggles of our nation will be classic ground to posterity. Every thing that has any connexion with heroic achievements, virtuous sufferings, or persevering fortitude, becomes dear to humanity



in general, but in a particular manner is hallowed in the memory of those who owe every national blessing to any of those successful exertions of virtue. Mountains valleys plains forests rivers cities and villages which saw our fathers fight for our independance, and submit to the deprivation of every good to secure freedom for their posterity, have taken out their charter of nobility. Their names are inscribed, in golden capitals, in the court-calendar of Fame, and will become harmonious in the song of the muses; their honors shall be recorded by historians, and their beauties delineated by painters, while those ignoble mountains valleys plains forests rivers cities and villages, which have never witnessed the feats of our heroes, will remain neglected & unknown.

In the winter of 1777-8 General Washington fixed his head quarters at Valley Forge. History gives some account of the difficulties surmounted at this time by the genius of the commander in chief, and of the unparalleled sufferings of the troops at this station but tongue cannot relate, nor pen describe, the hundredth part of the miseries that were endured. What poet can exhibit the whole complicated series of evils? What historian can commemorate the agonies of the hungry and the naked exposed to the clemencies of the weather, or enumerate the groans of the diseased? Many are still alive who *know* that the

sufferings of that winter would not be easily delineated.

A view of Valley Forge must necessarily awaken in our minds the recollection of the gloomy seasons of the revolution. We find ourselves safely landed on the *terra firma* of Independance; why should we not look back on the angry and tempestuous ocean we have navigated? Why should we not remember with gratitude the pilots 'who weathered the storm,' and the sailors who breasted the tempest, and contended with the dangers of the ocean? How the dark clouds of despair gathered over us in some parts of our voyage! The sun of confidence was hidden from our eyes, and scarce a glimmering star of hope was to be seen in the firmament! How often was the national vessel almost shattered on the shoals of Danger! and how narrowly did we escape the whirlpools of Destruction!

But this subject is degraded by poetic similitudes: the facts themselves are sufficiently impressive without the assistance of rhetorical embellishments: and we are confident that no man can read the history of this period of the war without sympathising with the suffering troops, and admiring the prudence, firmness, and courage, of the commander of our armies.

'At no period of the American war,' says Judge Marshall in his Life of Washington, 'had the American army been reduced to a

situation of greater peril than during the winter at Valley Forge. It has been already stated, that more than once, they were absolutely without food. Even while their condition was less desperate in this respect, their stock of provisions was so scanty, that there was seldom at any time, in the stores, a quantity sufficient for the use of the troops for one week. Consequently had the enemy moved out in force, the American army could not have continued in camp. The want of provisions would have forced them out of it; and their deplorable condition, with respect to clothes, disabled them from keeping the field in the winter. The returns of the 1st of February exhibit the astonishing number of 3000.989 men in camp unfit for duty, for want of clothes. Of this number scarcely one man had a pair of shoes. Even among those returned capable of doing duty, very many were so badly clad that exposure to the colds of the season must have destroyed them. Although the total of the army exceeded 17,000 men, the present effective rank and file amounted to only five thousand and twelve. The returns throughout the winter do not essentially vary from that which has just been particularly stated.<sup>6</sup>

General Washington certainly could not have been placed in a situation of greater difficulty than he was at this time: The army under his command destitute of

provisions and clothing, and consequently discontented: having at the same time no means of procuring necessaries but by exercising the invidious power vested in his hands by congress—of seizing provisions wherever they could be found. The exercise of this power raised against him the clamors of the vulgar; while a party in congress were conspiring to deprive him of his command, and endeavoring to impute to his mismanagement the consequence of their own errors and faults. In the mean time, sir William Howe with his army, had possession of Philadelphia, and was plentifully supplied with provisions and every thing necessary for the comfortable subsistence of his troops: and a winter campaign would have been productive of the most disastrous consequences to the American army.

But the mind of Washington was equal to the difficulties of his situation: the public good was his polar star: he pursued his course boldly and calmly, disregarding the clamors of ignorance, the petulance of passion, and the envious intrigues of disappointed ambition. Nothing displays more clearly the resources of his genius than his being able, while surrounded by so many unfavorable circumstances, to secure the affection of his officers and the adoration of his soldiers.

(To be Continued.)



*The EDITOR to his PATRONS.*

As the fifteenth volume of the Ladies Miscellany, will close on the eighteenth day of October next, the Editor thinks proper to address a few words to his numerous patrons in this city, and elsewhere; as well to express his thanks for the past liberal encouragement and assistance of his friends, as to inform them of the objects he has in view, with regard to his establishment in future.

It is now Eleven years, since the Ladies Miscellany (under different titles,) first made its appearance in this city, with various success; yet that success even at its lowest ebb, has always been sufficient to keep the paper afloat, tho' it has not at any time been so liberally patronized, as to enrich any of its proprietors. The latter consideration, has for a time past, been the means of compelling the present Editor, in some measure to neglect the paper, more perhaps than in justice to his subscribers it ought to have been—in order that by his attention to other branches of his business, he might be enabled, to acquire that support for his family, which was denied him in his Editorial capacity, and as he cannot with propriety think of issuing a paper, which (from his other avocations) is prevented from receiving the necessary care and support it requires, the Editor has concluded to offer the estab-

lishment for SALE.—At the close of the present volume.

Should the Editor, however, not meet with a purchaser to suit him, he has engaged with a Gentleman in this city, of respectable talents, to undertake the conduction of the paper to commence with the next volume.

And in case the latter arrangement should take place, the subscribers to the Miscellany may rest assured of receiving universal satisfaction. As no pains or expense will be spared in rendering it a complete vehicle of useful and entertaining knowledge; as not only the original talents of the above mentioned Gentleman, will be bestowed upon the paper, but copious extracts will enrich its columns, from the best and most approved authors extant, and he has it in his power from a well stored library, and an extensive correspondence, to render the Ladies Miscellany, one of the most valuable and instructive works of the kind in the United states.

The Editor feels a consciousness, that should the paper still remain in his hands, his former patrons and the public at large, will not let him be a sufferer from the expensive arrangements he has made to usher in the subsequent volume of this work with that respect which he confidently expects it will hitherto be entitled to. Nor can he be prevailed upon to believe, that the Citizens of New-

York will permit laudable and virtuous exertions to go unrewarded, or literary merit and talents, to be treated with contempt and frigid neglect.

SAMUEL B. WHITE.

New York 5th September 1812.

## VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## ODE

*Sung at the Dinner, given to the Officers of the U. States frigate Constitution, after the Victory over the British frigate Guerriere.*

WRITTEN BY L. M. SARGENT ESQ

Tune—'Ye Mariners of England.'

Brittania's gallant streamers  
Float proudly o'er the tide ;  
And fairly wave Columbia's stripes,  
In battle side by side.  
And ne'er did bolder foemen meet,  
Where ocean's surges pour.  
O'er the tide now they ride,  
While the bell-wing thunders roar,  
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,  
And the bell-wing thunders roar.

When Yankee meets the Briton,  
Whose blood congenial flows,  
By Heav'n created to be friends,  
By fortune render'd foes ;  
Hard then must be the battle fray,  
Ere well the fight is o'er.  
Now they ride, side by side,  
While the bell-wing thunders roar.  
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,  
And the bell-wing thunders roar.

Still, still for noble Engladd,  
Bold DACRES' streamers fly ;  
And for Columbia, gallant HULL's,  
As proudly and as high.

Now louder rings the battle din,  
More thick the volumes pour ;  
Still they ride, side by side,  
While the bell-wing thunders roar,  
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,  
And the bell-wing thunders roar.

Why lull Britannia's thunder,  
That wak'd the wat'ry war ?  
Why stays that gallant Guerriers,  
Whose streamer way'd so fair ?  
That streamer drinks the ocean wave !  
That warrior's fight is o'er !  
Still they ride, side by side,  
While Columbia's thunder roar,  
While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,  
And her Yankee thunders roar.

Hark ! 'tis the Briton's lee gun !  
Ne'er bolder warrior kneel'd !  
And ne'er to gallant mariners  
Did braver seamen yield.  
Proud be the sires, whose hardy boys  
Then fell, to fight no more ;  
With the brave, 'mid the wave,  
When the cannon's thunder roar,  
Their spirits then shall trim the blast,  
And swell the thunders roar.

Vain were the cheers of Britons !  
Their hearts did vainly swell,  
Where virtue skill and bravery,  
With gallant MORRIS fell.  
That heart, so well in battle tri'd,  
Along the Moorish shore,  
Again o'er the main,  
When Columbia's thunders roar,  
Shall prove its Yankee spirit true,  
When Columbia's thunders roar.

Hence be our floating bulwarks  
Those oaks our mountains yield ;  
'Tis mighty Heaven's plain decree—  
Then take the wat'ry field !  
To oceans farthest barrier then  
Your whit'ning sail shall pour :  
Safe they'll ride o'er the tide,  
While Columbia's thunders roar,  
While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,  
And her Yankee thunders roar.



A SOUND SLEEPER.

A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher; dinner was scarcely over before the gentleman fell asleep, but was awakened by the divine, and invited to go and hear him preach. 'I beseech you, sir,' said he, 'to excuse me; I can sleep very well where I am.'

WOODEN PEERS.

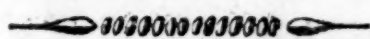
It being asked in company with my lord Chesterfield, whether the piers of Westminster-bridge would be of stone or wood? 'Oh,' said my lord, 'Of stone, to be sure, for we have too many wooden piers (*peers*) already at Westminster.'

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, September 12, 1812.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the times



The capture of General Hull, is unfortunately confirmed, but the vigorous efforts now making by this State and in other parts of the Union, we are in hopes they will soon retrieve our loss ground, to the chagrin of our enemies.

We have just received intelligence of the arrival of the U. S. Frigate Essex, at Philadelphia, after a short and successful cruise. She has Captured His B. M. Sloop of war, Alert, of 20 guns and 130 men, burnt two English merchantmen, and captured and ordered for port six others, with valuable cargoes. The highest praise is due to the activity of Capt. Porter, commander of the Essex. We are only sorry that the Belvi-

dera, did not happen to come in his way. These British *vaunters* do not appear to be so fond of smelling Yankee Gun Powder, as formerly.

On the report of a British Squadron off our coasts, Commodore Rogers has been ordered to cruise for the same, and doubtless will shortly give us a Yankee account of them, success attend his progress.

The accounts of American Privateers are upon the whole very favourable they tend to scourge the British Trade, while they enrich their owners.

The Military of this City are ordered to Parade on the morning of the 15<sup>th</sup> to be encamp'd for improvement and to Protect the City and Harbour—where their wives and offsprings dwell. We are happy to say that this order has met with that promptness & fortitude which hath always Characterized the Patriotic Citizens of New-York, when our Country calls, trifling privations ought not to be (by Soldiers) considered.

FIRE.

The valuable distillery at Staten Island belonging to Mr. McCullen, took fire about 11 o'clock on Tuesday evening last, and was entirely destroyed with its contents. The fire was occasioned by the bursting of one of the boilers. The loss is supposed to be considerable, the amount is not known.

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

On Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> ult. five lads were sailing in a small boat in the Sound, near the old Blazing Star ferry, between Staten Island and Jersey. when a schooner, which was at the same time coming down the river, ran against the boat and immediately sunk her: the five boys &

the boat passed under the bottom of the schooner : four of them by exertions of the captain were saved but the fifth, who was the eldest son of Mr. John B. Tifs, a young man near 19 years of age, not knowing how to swim, was driven so far from the vessel that he drowned before any assistance could be afforded him.

The following lines were occasioned by the death of this amiable but unfortunate young man.

Why do myriads crowd the shore ?  
 Why this mournful train appear ?  
 Him they seek who is no more,  
 Him they seek who perished here.

All beneath the cruel wave,  
 In the bosom of the deep,  
 He was doomed to find a grave,  
 And has left his friends to weep.

On these banks his friends appear,  
 For a mile along the shore,  
 Neighbours, parents, all are here,  
 All the common loss deplore.

Every bosom swells with grief,  
 Every eye pours forth a tear ;  
 Death has like a midnight thief,  
 Plunged and buried virtue here.

Yes, all join this scene of woe,  
 When was such a scene before !  
 All their tears as freely flow,  
 As the waves that wash this shore.

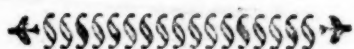
But at length his corpse they see,  
 Cast, alas, upon the sand ;  
 Parents, friends, what misery !  
 When ye touch his clay cold hand.  
 From the unrelenting wave,  
 Where the tears of pity fell,  
 All go to the silent grave,  
 There they take a last farewell.

Parents, wipe away the tear !  
 This great comfort let me give,  
 Hear, this consolation hear,  
 That the righteous die to live.

## Married.

*At New Jersey on Monday evening last, Mr. Daniel Godwin, to Miss Mary Pray, eldest daughter of the late captain John Bray, of this city.*

*On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. John Molther. Mr. Amory Gamage, merchant to Miss Hannah Tenbrook, daughter of Mr Henry Tenbrook, merchant, both of this city.*



## Died.

*On Tuesday morning the 25th ult. Peter P Van Zandt, esq. of a lingering illness aged 82 years.*

*On Tuesday the 25th ult. Mr. James Moor, aged 32 years.*

*At the seat of Richard Stockton Esq. near Princeton, on the 21st ult. Miss Julia R Boudinot daughter of Hon Eliska Boudinot, of Newark.*

*On Tuesday the 1st inst. after a short but severe illness, Miss Jane Harton, aged 55 years.*

*At Philadelphia, on Sunday the 30th ult. Mr. Benjamin Mifflin, esq Deputy Commissary General of the U States.*

*On Wednesday morning Capt. Joseph Marschale, in the 41st year of his age. On Thursday last, in the 25th year of her age, Mrs Maria Roorback, wife of Capt. Arthur Roorback.*

*At Washington, on Sunday morning the 4th inst. in the 63d year of his age Robt. Underwood, for many years a clerk in the Treasury office of the U. States.*

*The City Inspector reports the death of 61 persons in this city and at Potter's Field, from the 18th of August, to the 5th of September.*





*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

Mr. White,

By giving the subsequent lines, a  
place in the Miscellany, you will oblige,  
Your old friend

Kips Bay Sept. 10th 1812. O W

When billowy cares rude storms assail,  
And Murky Glooms lower all around ;  
When woe's wild whelming waves pre-  
vail

And war's far echoing Clarions sound—  
‘Midst all this strife,  
Of wearying life,  
While tempests rage  
And hosts engage,

One smile from thee, my MARY dear,  
The troubled dangerous scene can cheer—

If fate Commands me to the war,  
Or hies me o'er the foaming sea,  
Thou still wilt love thy dauntless far,  
Who only lives for fame and thee ;  
And when on shore,  
Loud cannons roar,  
A o'er the wave  
Bleak horrors rave,  
The thought that I'm to MARY dear,  
Each troubled, dangerous scene shall  
cheer.

Or if propitious heaven will deign,  
To grant us peace and soft delight—  
If, for the health enrosed swain,

Joys blithesome radiance shall beam  
bright ;

My humble lot

My rural cot

My calm repose

From cares and woes

Shall gain new sweets from MARY dear  
Whose smiles, life's dreariest scenes  
can cheer.

*There is more of SENTIMENT and  
TRUE POETRY, and less of sing-song,  
in the following morceau than we usu-  
ally meet with in compositions of the  
kind.*

Centinel.

### THE WEDDING RING.

Annette was milder than the dew  
That spangles Arno's scented grove ;  
And Lubin, constant fond, and true,  
As ever told the tale of love.

One eve, with chaste yet mantling  
smile,  
He bade her ‘guess what he could  
bring’  
Then from a bosom void of guile,  
He blush'd, and trembling took a  
Ring.

The maiden flutter'd, sidled, sigh'd—  
‘Oh, Cupid!—’twas a charming  
scene’—  
And, with affected coyness cried,  
‘Dear ! what can such a trinket  
mean ?

‘Mean !’ said the youth, with glowing  
cheek,  
And hurried that she so mistook ;  
‘A ring-dove dropt it from his beak,  
I pick'd it up in yonder brook.

And much we owe, my lovely fair,  
To this kind token of the dove,  
Who dropt it for the purpose there,  
A faithful emblem of our love.

It is of clearest gold, refin'd,  
 Affections chastest sign, be sure;  
 And polish'd, like my Annette's mind  
 As simply, elegant and pure.  
 It's round too—what is that to prove?  
 To what can such an emblem tend?  
 What! but the eternity of love,  
 A love, like mine, that knows no end.

Annette, they say—nay, in this curve,  
 No sorcery lurks nor lawless art—  
 That in this finger there's a nerve  
 Which leads directly to the heart.

Touch'd by this gold—for raptur'd there  
 Love's charming witcheries are such,  
 Fancy would falter to declare  
 The thrilling pleasure—shall I touch?

It struck her finger—raptur'd quite,  
 She cried, 'you're foolish, get you  
 gone  
 Yes, if the touch be such delight,  
 What happiness to put it on!

He seized the hint; the willing maid  
 Scarce knew what she had said or  
 done—  
 But love's sweet influence obey'd,  
 And kiss'd the ring that made them  
 one.

And now when rude or playful jest  
 At happy wedlock has its fling,  
 She clasps her Lubin to her breast,  
 And smiling shews her—WEDDING  
 RING.

*From the National Intelligencer.*

### SEASONG.

*Tune—'Banish sorrow.'*

COMRADES! join the flag of glory,  
 Cheerily tread the deck of fame,  
 Earn a place in future story,  
 Seek and win a warrior's name.

Yankee Tars can laugh at dangers:  
 While the roaring mountain wave

Teems with carnage—they are strangers

To a deed that is not brave.

May our banner'd stars, as ever,  
 Splendidly o'er freemen burn,  
 Till the night of war is over,  
 Till the dawn of peace return.  
 WASHINGTON, July 27.

### JUSTICE.

What strongest breast-plate than a  
 heart untainted?  
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quar-  
 rel just:  
 And he but naked (tho' lock'd up in  
 steel)  
 Whose conscience with injustice is cor-  
 rupted.

### PRINTING

AND

### BOOK-BINDING,

*Neatly and correctly executed, (on  
 reasonable terms) at the  
 Office of the  
 LADY'S MISCELLANY.*

### WANTED.

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 prentices, to the Taylors Business, ap-  
 ply at No. 99 Cherry-street.

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